

It's exactly 10:00AM. Some lights have just been turned on. It's a beautiful morning, but I am in a sensory deprivation tank. Actually, it's a sensory stimulation tank. An isolation chamber.

Marco was napping beneath a coconut tree.

A monkey threw a coconut onto Marco's head.

"Ouch!" Marco said.

Then Marco was dead.

...

20 years later a scientist was napping beneath the coconut tree.

A monkey threw a coconut out of the tree.

It hit the scientist on his boner and the scientist became deceased.

...

Then a poet sat under the same tree.

A psy-monkey threw a coconut out of the tree and smashed the poet's skull open and brains and guts and eyeballs went everywhere.

...

4,000 years after that Mozart X was sitting under the coconut tree.

A monkey threw an exploding coconut out of the tree.

Mozart X swallowed it whole.

"What's with all these skeletons?!" He yelped.

Three Forties Hamlet was drinking with his bros. They were, as ever, drunk as fuckoff on beverages named after various natural disasters. There was Two Earthquakes Rosencrantz and Five Hurricanes Horatio who was the most dangerous and unpredictable of them all. Then there was Whisky Guildenstern and Listerine Fortinbras, who was perhaps the most noble drunk, and had put away at least two bottles of Night Train and was feeling more violent than he ever had in his life. Fortinbras and Hamlet weren't really friends and Fortinbras was the only one standing now; everybody else was slunk down real low behind the parapet. Fortinbras was dropping terracotta pots over the edge trying to kill stray dogs. Whisky Guildenstern, the fucking bastard, recumbent and drunk "Don't do that" he says with a smug smile and not a hint of concern for the dogs. Then he flicks a cigarette over the edge. Fortinbras turns around, and even though nobody is friends with him, they all respect the madness in his eyes, and for that moment they all feel like they're on his side. "Don't you tell me what to do you fucking asshole". At this Guildenstern's smile snaps into a straight line and his face looks serious. Like someone who's decided to suddenly stop living in sin and walk the straight and narrow. Guildenstern says nothing but if

he did it would be probably be “yes sir” or “of course your highness”. Fortinbras’ face says “Damn Skippy” before he turns around and starts dropping pots off the roof again. A yelp comes from below and Fortinbras shouts “Yee-haw! Ya’ll boys see that one?!” Three fortys Hamlet’s lips slowly curl into a smile as he continues to numbly stare off into space. He’s wrapped in a blanket that’s wrapped in duct tape as per his request to Horatio, who is his truest friend, although Two Earthquakes Rosencrantz is his best friend. “How long do you think you could get paid to push buttons like George Jetson does?” Five Hurricanes Horatio asks. “Forever” says Whisky Guildenstern. “You’re an idiot” says Listerine Fortinbras. Three Fortys Hamlet speaks up for the first time and says “Really, to make it interesting, the machine would have to be broken, or a display model, where the buttons don’t do anything. Broken but nobody cares, like you still get paid even though”. Two Earthquakes Rosencrantz finally gets a turn and criticizes: “Actually it’s more like this: You are pushing buttons on a machine but there is no feedback, so you never know if you’re doing it right. It just goes on forever, every month you get a paycheck, but there are no results from the machine, so you’re constantly self doubting. You’re never evaluated as an employee either. Nobody ever tells you whether you’re doing a good job or not but when you go out to company dinners the president of the company always tells you that he likes you because you’re able to drink so much. Thus, you feel somewhat secure at your job. But the unknowingness of working with the machine slowly gnaws you apart from the inside, and before you know it, you’re mad as a crow” “Eloquently put” says Listerine Fortinbras. Then everybody either grunts or nods in agreement before Fortinbras shrugs off the conversation and starts dropping more pots off the roof and everybody goes back to doing whatever they were doing before, which is nothing.

“Hurry up Abu!” Aladdin yells as he runs toward the magic carpet he stepped on earlier.

“Okay boss!” says Abu.

“Here give me that giant ruby you took!” says Aladdin, “This thing’s gotta be worth a bagillion big ones!”

“Yahoo!” says Abu and he hands it over.

Both of them jump on the magic carpet and zip around the pillars of lava and falling rocks and stuff. Aladdin and Abu hi-five when they are about to go out of the cave but then they remember they have to give Jafar the lamp so they go back to the zone where Jafar is.

“Here you go ya creep!” says Aladdin.

“Haha! Yes!” says Jafar.

TO BE CONTINUED

On Tuesdays under the bridge the ponytail barber gives haircuts for 2,000 \ less than usual. I went down there once and saw him cutting hair out of his van. It was overcast and chilly. I don’t know why he was down there. It didn’t make any sense.

TO BE CONTINUED

I tried to get the anaconda in the backyard to come out the other day. It was the first time I ever same him when it wasn’t nighttime. It was just the tip of his tail and it quickly slid back in amongst the trees. I’m thinking about smoking him out but the damn landlord keeps pulling up in his car and staring at me through the window. This is irritating, but honestly something has to be done about the anaconda. I don’t hear the chickens in the neighbor’s yard anymore and I’m pretty sure I haven’t heard the dog down the street bark in about a week. Anyways I left some peanut m&m’s where I last saw his tail because that’s the only thing I had in the house that

was food. They're gone now but I wasn't there to see the snake eat them. I burnt down the school yesterday, so I'm staying in my house now. This makes me nervous because I have to go out to smoke sometime and I'm pretty certain that's when he'll strike. The other option is to burn down my landlord's house and that way I'll be free to do what I please with the trees in the backyard. I just wish I had brought home some food before I had to hole up in here. I'm pretty sure the fruit in the refrigerator is slightly bad because I feel drunk although I haven't had any alcohol. I put Dark Side of the Moon on repeat six hours ago and turned the thermostat all the way up. Sooner or later I'll have to get up to use the bathroom but for right now I'm going to sit in front of this window for as long as I have to until I see that bastard come out and then I'm going to GET HIM.

He doesn't write anything down.

He doesn't talk about the good times with friends.

Though he gets nostalgic, he doesn't live in the past.

Doesn't take photographs.

Doesn't remember hardly anything.

Won't keep food in the refrigerator or the cupboards or the pantry.

He doesn't keep in touch with old friends,

Or steal from his own work,

Which means he'll never tell the same story twice.

And when he moves he throws everything he owns in the trash and starts over again.

When travelling, if he even packs at all, it will all go into a backpack.

He's just too cool, he thinks, too much great stuff happens to him, he expects, his friends will store his memories for him, he hopes, he wants to look like he's got it all, constantly living on the razor's edge (which he is) to have to keep all that baggage around.

Or maybe he loves the challenge?

Of building everything all over again from scratch.

He is... CPU man.

Aladdin throws Abu up in the air. "You stupid monkey!"

"I'm really sorry boss, I didn't mean it"

As Abu is falling towards Aladdin, Aladdin uppercuts Abu and sends him flying again. The Genie looks on with disdain but he knows who the master is here.

"Genie, I want you to blow up Abu!" says Aladdin.

"You want to waste a whole wish on that?!" asks the Genie, trying to talk Aladdin out of killing the monkey.

“I guess not” Aladdin reluctantly relents. There is silence for a moment before Abu returns, crawling towards the group panting, bleeding and badly bruised. Aladdin gives him a swift kick in the ribs, seemingly for good measure. “I told you to keep an eye on the magic carpet. Now it’s GONE!”

Then the Genie says, “Aladdin, you don’t know that for sure; it could be around here anywhere”

Aladdin snaps, pointing a finger at the Genie and giving him a menacing look, “Shut up or you’re NEXT!”

TO BE CONTINUED

Walking down the street to his apartment, Morg realizes his wallet isn’t in his pocket. He sprints back towards the corner shop and gets there just in time to see Davenport running out with something black and rectangular clutched in his hand. Morg knows that Davenport has been trying to get his hands on the files from the Thantopper case for weeks and is now watching said plans speed across 352<sup>nd</sup> street in the hands of a madman. Morg races after him and is almost hit by a green electric boogie car, glimpsing the charred skeleton of the someone a little slower than he melted to the hood.

On the other side of the street Davenport is fumbling with some fungus and Morg thanks God for the few extra moments this allows him to catch up. Morg had been trying to prove that Reznor Thantopper was institutionalized unlawfully and key evidence was contained on a flash drive inside his wallet, the same wallet that he carelessly left behind at EZ Mart. Morg suddenly remembers he has an extra cartridge in his briefcase and stops to retrieve it. Clutching it firmly in his hand, Morg smashes open a store’s display window and grabs a pair of Stompers. He steps into them on and blasts off high enough to see Davenport jump into a taxi.

“Damn!” Morg yells.

The camera switches to the taxi interior and Davenport is giddily rummaging through Morg’s wallet. A few Dinobux fall out before Davenport seizes the chrome credit card shaped flash drive. He jubilantly tries to hoist it above his head and smashes his fist into the cramped taxi’s ceiling.

“Koopa will be pleeeessssssed” Davenport hisses.

The taxi careens around a corner and rams into the bumper of another Boogie car, causing sparks to erupt from both cars’ hustle wires. Soon the taxi’s horn joins the chorus of hundreds of others in the overcrowded Gimme Hub.

“Damn Dinohatten trafffffic” Davenport shouts shaking his clawed fist.

From out of nowhere comes a powerful crash as something heavy falls onto the taxi’s roof. Davenport’s vertical pupils dilate and he looks around frantically finally settling on the other side of the corroded metal mesh separating his seat and the one from which the taxi driver is being powerfully jerked out. Charcoal black smoke issues out in jets from his nostrils as the taxi driver is replaced by Morg himself who settles in slowly before closing the door.

\*Click\*

Davenport fumbles vainly to open the door but his claws just scratch clumsily at the chrome lever. Morg twists his head 180 degrees around and smiles maniacally while a green mist pours slowly through his clenched teeth. It filters through the mesh into the back seat where Davenport, gasping for breath, inhales the entire cloud before he even realizes what’s going into his lungs. Unimaginable pain spreads through his entire body. Morg punches a hole through the divider and grips Davenport’s scaly throat.

“Aiiiiiiyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!” Davenport screams.

“I’ll be taking that” Morg says before grabbing and crushing Davenport’s hand, wresting out the flash drive.

“The pain! The pain is horribbbblllleeee!” Davenport seethes.

“Never mess with the Rhinos” barks Morg. He opens his mouth and starts charging up an incinerator blast.

“Kill meeeeeee!” bellows Davenport.

“You’re the boss” Morg says coolly.

Dialog from the edge:

10:20 AM My friend Cory gave me a black pill the other night in Seoul, and it didn’t do anything except put me

10:20 AM in a bad mood.

10:21 AM All I could do was smile and nod at everything people were saying.

10:21 AM It was a bad scene. I had to slink off down an alley to make sure nobody saw me leave.

10:23 AM Then I was in a bar where about ten U.S. MPs showed up in riot gear.

10:23 AM But they were still smoking cigarettes behind their gas masks.

10:23 AM They smashed a hole in the wall and I followed them into it.

10:24 AM On the other side we were in a really crowded British bar

10:26 AM Ben: Wow you sound like Master Blaster from Blade Runner.

10:27 AM I overheard a guy say “I only listen to videos on YouTube that have less than five hundred plays”. By the time I turned to leave the conversation all of the MPs were lined up against the wall except for one who was chatting and joking with this big American who looked like a hippie from Easy Rider. Old and fat with long hair, sunglasses and a big beard.

10:28 AM Then I left in time to see two U.S. soldiers smash through a fence and start running up a set of stairs that seemed to go on forever.

10:29 AM Muttering something about how they shouldn’t have drank that last bottle of Soju.

The Knight was exhausted. The last seven hours had been a literal descent into hell. Literally as in, a night with no dawn, a winter with no spring, a dog’s ass with no body. He didn’t know it when he began in Undead Burg but the pile of burning corpses he had to step around before slashing the throat of a zombie dog was only the beginning of a journey that would get progressively worse for the unforeseen future. The only thing that was certain is that every step led him downwards

<sup>1</sup> descent into hell: an ever-downward journey. Unlike “it’s always darkest before the dawn” this is an ever darkening night with no dawn

It doesn’t help that he keeps drinking something called Estus from a flask given to him some time ago by a dying person. Actually now that he thinks about it, there is absolutely no reason whatsoever to trust this thing, except that it sometimes *did* make him feel good.

So there were the screams coming from behind locked doors in the town which was vacant except for the aforementioned demon dogs and several black clad cutthroat bandits. Yeah there was the giant Bullheaded creature but he didn't even want to think about that now.

Right after that he had to go into the sewers. There were giant half-alive rotting rats, puddles of sludge that fell from the ceiling and tried to suck your head off after they landed on you and mounds of something like congealed body fluids the size of human beings. He fought a Dragon there called a "Gaping Dragon" and that name in itself is so profoundly ugly sounding he says "go figure that one out for yourself."

The key he got from killing the dragon said "Blighttown" so he figured, okay, after that awful Undead Burg, and these fucking sewers, I can get a beer from this Blighttown place, relax a bit, maybe buy a new sword, blah blah blah. But when he gets there and it smells terrible and he's slashing the heads off of giant mutated Moblins he decides his plan is shot.

So he's descending this interstitial, shanty town sort of community he thinks it's a lot like the Bay Bridge from Johnny Mnemonic or Virtual Light, except infested by poisonous mutants hell bent on knocking him off the shoddy wooden scaffolding into the depths, which by the way reach so far down he's not really sure if there's a bottom at all.

This goes on for a while and the Knight is feeling a little goofy from all the Estus he's been drinking when he starts to notice it smells really, REALLY awful all of a sudden. Worse probably than the sewer, and then he hears the tinny whine of something like mosquito wings right above his head. Then he steps knee high into some sort of organic matter and is simultaneously showered from above by some warm, foul-smelling, sticky red fluid. One of the mosquitoes is actually spraying the toxic blood in its sac as a sort of projectile biological weapon. The knight's sword is so fucking ridiculously big he can't possibly kill a mosquito with it and his armor is too heavy to chase after the thing so he gives up and is promptly poisoned.

He feels awful and as he continues his plunge into the depths, there are no longer any wooden planks to walk on and he is instead trudging through the horrible, silty muck of a giant swamp which is about three thousand feet underneath the largest bridge he's ever seen. Now there are leeches the size of motorcycles trying to suck his head off, fire breathing insects with human arms and necks and heads, and all through a drunken haze from the Estus he can't seem to stop drinking.

Off in the distance he sees huge silhouettes that look like monuments of Stonehenge (which by the way he built himself singlehandedly, even though he didn't want to, but somebody had to stop the giant crystal crabs from taking over the world). As he nears them it's apparent that these are giants holding huge boulders above their heads, probably for smashing his head off.

"Fuck it" he says out loud, and starts to slowly trudge in that direction. It looks like they're guarding the giant egg sac of a spider. And I mean really giant, maybe the size of an American football stadium. Good thing I've got this giant fucking sword, he thinks. He kills all the golems and finds a hole in the sac where most likely the hatchlings had exited at some point in the past. He knew the world was currently over run with horrible goddamned creatures lately so he hardly felt surprised that a spider egg the size of the moon had already hatched and that whatever came from it was running amok somewhere.

There is a tunnel that runs down from the opening so he follows it before it opens into a giant room. In the room he finds, you guessed it, a giant spider with a super hot naked female body from the waist up jutting out of the top. He's too tired to care if he lives or dies so he just keeps bringing his sword down, which is in some cases more handily used like an axe or hammer because it is so enormously large the blunt trauma force of it can cause more damage than its razor sharp edge. He's almost fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion and not caring anymore when he realized the thing is dead, almost unrecognizably beaten and slowly drifting in a pool of its own blood. Great he thinks, what's next?

So he goes on and realizes that it's getting hotter and hotter and that just fucking figures he thinks. So he

descends a bell tower and looks around and thinks “This is probably Hell”, not thinking about some figurative hell as in a really hot place or a really terrible place, but the real deal, seven levels, Lucifer and sinners hell. Hey here’s one now he thinks as he looks down to see a corpse, with just enough life left in it to be able to suffer endlessly, being feasted upon by maggots the size of dolphins. “I am not even fucking with that” he says and walks on.

He comes across a giant double door. There is a blinding white light emanating from the slit between the two massive marble slabs that constitute the closing mechanism of the door. He knows what this means instantly and wishes there were more than two fingers left in his Estus flask, or Festus Ask which is his loving nickname for the thing. So throws one last gulp down the hatch and steps through the door, half-jokingly figuring that he’ll probably be battling Satan himself on the other side.

Instead it’s something called the Ceaseless Discharge. Not being Satan, the knight he knows he still has a long ways to go and slaps his palm firmly onto his forehead.

THE END...?

All the kids at school call him Big Dick Hank. He’s an American that’s come to teach them English for a year and everybody gets a big kick out of how big his dick is. In retaliation, he’s started calling the kid who started the rumor Tom “Sputtering Fuse” Shithead. The kid’s real name is Dirtball, or Blinky.

Anyways Big Dick Hank always walks around with his cucumber bulging out of his pants like the eyes of a cartoon wolf. He promises the kids if their team wins the review game they get to touch it, but nope, none of them ever want to; in fact, they purposefully sabotage themselves to ensure it’ll never happen.

One day Big Dick Hank wanted to play a different kind of game with the students. It worked like this: Two students came to the front of the class. If one student was better in any way than the other, (more handsome, better at soccer, more popular, etc.) he got to punch the other student in the face as hard as he wanted. After that he’d sit down and the kid who got punched would stay up in the front of the class. Then another student would come up to the front of the class to repeat the match. Big Dick Hank was having so much fun that he decided to continue it on through the student’s break time and even let the next class join in when the next period began.

After he got tired of it he let the student’s go to the clinic or their homerooms and walked down the hallway to the trophy display case. There he punched his fist through the glass and grabbed the commemorative plate given to the school for participating in a mathematics fair in 2075. He took the plate into the teacher’s lounge where he ate some chili he heated up in the microwave off of it. After that he burnt the school down.

THE END

championship horses are crowding all around. They know that their master will not be around for much longer. He is going off to invest in some new taco stores. the championship horses are okay with this because the new master is much kinder than the old one. he sports a much finer mustache and he keeps his clothes much cleaner.

these are not your average championship horses. They are not police or show horses. They are race horses. The year is 2077 and over time shortening fossil fuel supplies have driven the modern commuter to switch to more traditional modes of transportation. In the wake of this paradigm shift, stable owners of old have proliferated and are enjoying premium prices for their beasts once again.

Marco, which is the name of the new horse owner, lives deep in the heart of downtown. He won the stable in a high-stakes game of ultra rummy when a shadowy figure who was faring none-to-well went into his third double or nothing round. Marco was by no means a card shark, but the lucky albatross feather he was wearing around

his neck seemed to bestow otherworldly luck on him that night.

It would be an understatement to say that Marco had no prior experience with raising demanding beasts like the modern city horse. However, from an early age Marco has felt an empathetic connection to any and all animal. Whenever Marco would visit a zoo or a distant relative's farm, the animals all seemed to gather near to him as if they felt drawn to his sensitive nature. Therefore when Marco first arrived at the stable, it was less than surprising to see all of the horses excited by his presence.

It wasn't until some of the ranch hands caught wind of this strange activity that the old owner came out to see what the commotion was. He took Marco's hand firmly into his own and held it strongly, staring with a grimace into Marco's clean shaven face.

"Scupa. Doesseppi unforth commonwealth" said the previous owner.

Marco, who studied a little bit of nonsense in the eight grade replied, "No me gusta. Me llamo hambre". At which the previous owner laughed uproariously. He repeated Marco's naive attempt to his ranch hands which all slapped their thighs in amusement.

"Samatibe loosely throw the jibe. Horrapulific gross domestic revenue istaff imlo". Marco was thankful that the previous owner had switched into his own native ghettophunk.

"Scribe," he responded. "Scribe anden ten loslivab taykalooc brosephus".

Finally the previous owner smiled and slapped a leather belt into Marco's hands. "Asabotnow, helpless helpless helpless".

Marco laughed and started swinging his new leather belt around. He reached across the brown wooden fence and slapped one of the horses in the ass with it, making a resounding smack for all to hear. Thus was the traditional sign of agreement in the year 2088, which it had become somehow.

"My drunk is wearing off now, adlebrot tiff-taff honeymoon tissle-flaff" shouted the previous owner. Marco was glad to be among the more simple folk of the rural place. It was an ineffable relief to not have to deal with greenmen all day.

Yes it was a new beginning for Ol' Marco the horsekiller. A new beginning and a whole new world in which Marco could practice his dastardly art of horse murder.

## A SHORT ONE

"is it dangerous to put so many socks into circulation?"

This was one of the the last things Dad ever said to me. He is standing over the dresser with an open bag of hanes socks. He looks upset as he puts on the second to last new pair.

"Before long your mother will lose all of these" he says but he really means that he's afraid that HE will lose them all. Dad takes one last look at me and says, "Shave that rat tail off your neck!" Then he jumps out of the window and flies straight into the beam of light that pulls him up into the U.F.O.

Mom, who has been plugged into the devotion computer for some time now, emerges from the closet, still dazed from her session with Reverend Draco Malfoy.

"Come on you little brat weasel, we're late for the Seattle Boat Club's 10,000 year anniversary banquet." Then she shoves me out the window and I plummet to my death.



## A MEDIUM LENGTH ONE

hamlet was brooding over the loss of his pitcher. He turns it over in his mind over and over, saying to himself, "The memory be green". Indeed, it was bright green, which reminded hamlet of Ophelia's eyes. He bought it at target and it had since gotten pretty dingy. It happened at a rager months and months ago. Hamlet showed up drinking diet coke out of it as he approached the pavillion in which it was taking place.

Upon seeing the debauchery on it's patio Hamlet shouted, "And then it started like a guilty thing, upon a fearful summons" and ran in and started dancing like a burning drunkard mindlessly stamping in mirth at his own death. Hamlet had his eye on a cute Sigma Sigma Sigma girl and was about to make a move when Horatio introduced him to a guy who made beats and sold them on the internet. Hamlet was already drunk off three forites (that's why they called him Three Forties Hamlet) so he listened to the rap guy talking about Two-Park Shawlcurl and Paul Scrawl. The rap guy was sober but dressed like a Juggalo.

"He's probably schizophrenic" burps Hamlet.

"What?" said the rap guy.

Hamlet sits down for a second on a plaster bench. He looks at his cellphone and closes one eye trying to read a text from Ophelia. He's trying to write "Frailty, thy name is woman" unsuccesfully but Horatio comes around again and asks Hamlet to watch his bottle of Jager. Horatio is trying to get a drunk girl to go up to his room. Hamlet staggers outside of the pavillion and sees, in the dead vast and middle of the night, a deer bounding near the edge of the pine trees. He stares, wobbling, in total amazement. To Hamlet's drunken mind this is meaningful. Then he snaps out of it and staggers back to the pavillion, grinning with delusional hopes of hooking up with a girl. By now the rap dude is talking to a homeless dude who crashed the party. Hamlet looks around for Horatio but he's gone. Most everyone is gone and the party looks bleak.

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome, a little ere the mightiest Julius fell, the graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets" says Hamlet as he decides to go out onto one of the terraces and look surly until a hot babe comes out to ask him what's wrong. he can charm her with his sorrow, ultimately refusing it and seeming manly, but nobody ever comes looking for Hamlet. So Hamlet takes a few swigs of the Jager and stumbles back into the pavillion. Hamlet sits down and starts to feel dizzy. He gets up and goes to the bathroom and shits for like hours. The he half walks half crawls his way into the yard and starts vomiting. From that point on Hamlet only recalls waking up momentatirly to vomit and then falling right back asleep.

In the morning Hamlet wakes up more sick that he's ever been. At some point in the night he must have moved back inside because he's in an armchair by a roaring fire. It smells like smoke and beer and the air is both thin and dense at the same time. There are cigarette butts all over the animal skins and in almost empty beer bottles. Hamlet is reminded of a famous quote he came across in a play he read for English class that goes, "How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world".

When Hamlet realizes that his phone, keys and pitcher are all missing he falls into a hungover state of morose apathy.

"Mother fuck," says Hamlet. "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark".

## A LONG ONE, TITLED "SLOPE"

I was reading Margaret's diary when mom came into the room.

"Have you seen Big Papa?" mom asks.

"Where is Big Papa?"

"Thank you"

"You're welcome, locate Big Papa, Momma"

"Okay I will locate" says mom.

I slip my moist hand down my slope, caressing every slope. I lick my slope. Oh so sweet and wet!

"Margaret's diary, where did you locate Margaret's diary?"

"Momma I'm in Margaret's room. Here it was, on this thing"

"Why are you in Margaret's room?"

"I was locating Margaret's diary Mom"

"Big Papa has been located. He is in Precinct 14. He has been apprehended surfing on the Info Corridor"

"Oh great goblins Momma. what are we going to do"

"Please apprehend your clothes on so we can go apprehend Big Papa"

"Momma, what is 'slope'?"

"Where did you locate 'slope'?"

"Margaret was licking her 'slope'".

"Oh great goblins I will demonstrate 'slope' for you later, let's go"

Through the car's window I am apprehending sights. A hotdogman is auctioning hotdog based nutrition. An acousticman is locating notes on his guitar. Mom rarely takes me into the Urban Place. I see a greenman loading up behind a homeless shelter.

"Is dad alive or dead?" I ask.

"Thank you, is dad alive or dead?"

"Who knows?"

"Dad is living or nonliving"

Mom forgets to say thank you.

???

When we locate Precint 14. A hatman demonstrates how to locate Big Papa. He categorizes him as Zeus, which I do not apprehend.

"Momma, why does that hatman categorize Big Papa as Zeus?"

"Big Papa has more than one category," says mom. "When Big Papa attempts Basketball, his category is Zeus".

"Demonstrate Basketball hatman!" I shout.

"The hatman is ignoble," Mom demonstrates.

The hatman smiles. He is not able to demonstrate talking.

Big Papa is allocated in a Harmony Box when we apprehend him.

Big Papa is locating happiness as we approach.

"I'm in this thing" says Big Papa.

"What were you doing attempting too much speed on the Info Corridor again?" Mom axes

"Whatever" says Big Papa.

"Well I will apprehend your bail. Demonstrate to your daughter what 'slope' is" says mom.

"Great Goblins, 'slope'?! " says Big Papa. "Baby girl, girltime girl girl. Where did you apprehend 'slope'?"

"In Margaret's diary. She says she is licking her 'slope'" I respond.

"Well it looks like we need to recalibrate Margaret's behavior" says Big Papa. "She must not categorize it 'slope'".

When the hatman apprehends the bail from mom, he demonstrates the exit.

Big Papa axes, "Is Margaret living or nonliving at our house?"

Mom goes, "Margaret is nonliving at our house. Margaret is located at TurnCoat Nate's"

"Thank you".

As our Ford Pegasus2 locates an adjacent street I apprehend a jumpman attempting nonliving off a building.

"Big Papa, do I have a slope".

"Yes baby girl girltime baby baby. We all have slopes. But do not categorize them slopes. Your mother will demonstrate slope when you are old enough".

Being in the Urban Place I apprehended many things, but still do not apprehend slope. At home I will attempt reading of the diary once again.

## THE ONE ABOUT GHETTOPHUNK

"harlem blackcoat. is sadaff dat daffy bitch?"

"sadaff no no Wild Turkey brown"

Dad and I are tossing the brain ball around the lawn, shooting the breeze. Dad touches the chocolate region of the brain ball again and I go wild crazy wild turkey brown-town.

"hapless sap, gone crazy swirly sadaff!" Dad shouts as I start barking at the brain ball.

"Strafe! Strafe! Is dat aff goofy must? STRAFE SAPPY SADAF!"

Fog rolls in off the lagoon and I am rolling on the lawn barking and laughing trying to catch my breath. Dad laughing berzerk from the screw we took.

"Hot Dog! Hot DOG! Return that piece of meat. Twist around. Harlem earmuff shuffle!"

I start doing the harlem earmuff shuffle. "Dad, is sadaff dat daffy harlem thunder-from-down-under?"

"Flipdizzy," Dad thinks. "Thunder from down under... It can't be helped"

"Dad touches the chocolate region of the brain ball again and I go wild crazy wild turkey brown-town" I bark.

"Unforgivable sadaff. Unforgivable sadaff dat daffy harlem bitch" Dad says as he frowns, looks up at the clouds which are shaped like basket balls. Shouts, "Unforgivably sadaff takes it home for three comes in with two for the win, comes in strong for the win"

Dad throws the brain ball hard right. It sails over the lagoon and disappears into the mist. Dad looks at me and bares his teeth. like a maniac.

"Dat sadaff, is affable" Then he smiles, I bark. Still wild wild sadaff browntown wild turkey brown.

## GRAY AND THE DAEMONS

I was on the phone with Gray, who I'm not totally fond of, and he was saying a lot of things, fast. Stuff about the machine room and how the daemons wouldn't stop talking about "the plumes" while he worked the night shift so he had to start playing video games during the day just to have a clue what they were saying. I was just waiting and waiting for him to shut-up.

"Uh-huh, sounds weird"

"Yah, and then there was like this loud noise right next to me but I couldn't figure out what it was so I just kept hitting the damn thing, but like, it wouldn't go away, like no matter how hard I was punching it or whatever it just kept rattling like that"

"Well, did you ever find out?"

"Kinda, yah, but that's the point. Marge, you know my boss, she was just like standing right there, vehemently denying that she heard any sound whatsoever *and just keep plugging away at server 3 until the system reaches its next input cycle*"

“Yah”

“But server 3 can’t get on without the battery-box, so here I am with my thumb-up-my-ass not being able to do anything cuz like a heat sink or like a fan is snapped up”

“right”

“you know, like plastic bits just rolling around”

“yah”

“and so it’s getting real hot and I’m starting to get pretty concerned, so I call over a geek and have him take a look at it and he says, ‘well, there’s no sound, it feels hot, but I don’t know what you’re talking about’ and I’m starting to get mad because everyone’s making me feel like I’m crazy so I get up to get some water or something, you know, whatever, and like something jerks on my ear and I hear a crashing sound. I look at the floor and there’s my fucking iPod, well, it was my fucking iPod the whole time!”

“yah”

“...Anyways I’m on my way home right now so I’m like thinking, Brandon and I were wondering if before the session you’d wanna come chill with us?”

“Well yah that’d be cool but you know, it’s up to my roommate, I gotta see when he’s coming up”

“No, yah, like, we’re coming to pick you up!”

“What?, like from Richmond?”

“Yah, we’re making a trip out of it!”

Like I said, I wasn’t too fond of Gray and it would probably be real awkward to spend a whole night with him. But I had these days off you know and I didn’t want to just sit around the house. I decided to launch myself off into the unknown, just do it, like go out there and whatever. Maybe it would be awkward but I’ll bring my bottle of whiskey and I’ll be like Jack Kerouac On the Road riding down 95 at speeds upwards of 80mph in the back seat of an expensive car (Gray’s job paid *dividends*).

I hadn’t been sleeping so the logistics were going to be a bit tricky. Gray and Brandon were to arrive at 11 A.M, my typical bedtime on days. I had a whole plan where when I got back from work the night before I’d take a nap right away, wake up around 8 and get my shit together. Well when I got home the roommates were playing Loud-Songs and there were around 20 other people in the house. I went into the kitchen because all I wanted was a beer. There were kids in black in there and they were talking about things I’d never even heard of.

Jeff and I wrestled in the backyard for a solid fourteen minutes until Katie said it was time for the cake so we both walked away with bloody elbows and a handsome sense of brotherhood. In between sputters and coughs Jeff told us it was time for a serious conversation. But alas the vamps came in with an unholy darkness like all the rainy gray winter mornings in Richmond.

I went upstairs with the sickness. Then I thought I heard Daft Punk, got excited enough to go back down, and went on the porch with Luke to have a cigarette and to shake his hand.

“Geez, sorry about all this nonsense”

“yah, I wish someone had asked *me*”

Back inside it was Ben, Nathaniel, Danny, Erik, Stephanie, Brooke, Fred, Alex, Rachel, Deanna, Rusty, Bryan, Ken, Damon, Alvin and Clyde and Sarah. I got terminally hungry and felt a wave of hot shame

pulse up through me. I knew I had eaten all of mine, and my roommates liked boring food that wasn't rich, besides, I had eaten that too. Rachel was pulling a 12oz. out of the microwave and I went at her with a knife. She thought it was funny enough to kick me in the chest so I sat on the floor and realized it was now seven thirty or so.

At 11:45 A.M. I called Gray wondering where the hell they all were.

"We have already left, en-route, ETA 1:30 P.M."

I took the two game boy colors off of the shelf because I had already told Brandon and Gray that I'd give them to me for coming way down to get me. I refused to let them inside but they seemed to understand. They're both much older than I am and have real jobs that they get to go to every single day. I don't know if they were ever college students but maybe they understand anyways.

So instead we went for a walk. When we got to the shopping district, they wanted to go into all the trendsetter shops where all the ultra-hipsters and turbo-hunter fashioners shop.

We had caffeine dependencies and energy-smoothies with pharmaceutical grade caffeine in them. Inside of the store, in front of the counter there were body-machines with running shorts and threatened, I backed into a corner. I watched my buddies' backs.

Then some children came into the store. One of the girls was dressed like she was 18 but she was only really 12 and it made me feel empty. Her brother started talking about something unreal. Before the baristas finished my smoothie I got up nervously and tried to walk-out. A rogue muscle reflex would've landed the cashier a bloody nose when he put his hand on my shoulder. Luckily my hands were already occupied with wringing themselves uncontrollably so I took my potion and left.

Gray took Polaroids of the ash-tray and wouldn't let it develop. Later he'd show me his collection and I'd dismiss it as "bourgeoisie elitism".

Gray's apartment is like a resort. In it there is one cat, one computer, one giant television, two pieces of art, one girlfriend and one bed, 14 Nintendo games, 5 Polaroid cameras, and two toothbrushes. The ash-tray that they have is like a bug where the wings fold open and you can put your cigarette in there but they don't smoke. There also isn't a fireplace but the balcony is amazing. *That's* what makes it a resort.

There are pine trees through which you can see a pool, that is covered up for the winter, but Gray promises me there are lifeguards who come from Russia every year in the summer that just travel, always going someplace to be lifeguards. Further than that there is an ocean of rooftops and a silo that someone put in the wrong place. The highway is there too, in the somewhere awesome sea. The jets that fly by to Dulles only come every now and then and the chairs stay stacked year round.

"Does the Omni come way out here?"

"No, I think it's just the metrobus that comes this far"

"Damn"

"Why?"

That weekend... Something rolling back. Like a veil. Something really more like a steam valve, that same fevered embarrassment. It made my mind work. It was like cringing in the daylight. The claustrophobics, the

freaks, the body-machines, the vamps, the bathman and the narrators, all the tenants of this giant stupid apartment building. All sharing the same dream of a refusing landlord who won't reissue the lease or impose any rules. One vast journey through the never quite silent halls at night looking for your room and only ever finding another drunk couple making out in front of their door because they lost the key.

When I got home I dragged the stereo into the bathroom and threw up a lot of frustrations and paranoias. I drained the bathwaters from three nights ago and got a refill. There was a soggy note where the bath salts had been "Tim, borrowed bath flavors, sold to cover expensive overdraft, fiasco at the restaurant, will explain later". I had no choice but to shrug. I just jammed the tuner on the stereo into some baffling 20mm expanse of country/static fades and dreamt of my old room. I am becoming increasingly more anti-social.

## E B U L L I E N T

it's been seven billion days since the last  
"practice age" and Groger was getting angrier and  
angrier.

It seems the last breakfast he'd had was only  
granola bars and no cobbler. Not only that but it  
had been Jacobsday and it was now Savoryday, so  
in anxiety of Groger's rage, the slaves were  
trying their best not to frolic around the house  
naked, an activity both restricted by Groger and  
secretly enjoyed by Groger's ten billion wives.

On Toofertuesday Groger had rented Buxom  
Gold from Library2 and sat in the mist grotto all  
night watching alone. Ebullient, Groger's third  
and third most lovely wife, sulked in her high  
tower prison wishing that Groger would come to  
bed. Her tears fell on the cobble sill and dripped  
like shimmering crystals catching ersatzmoon  
light from the nearby fluorescent heaven-machine.

Night on Snowball6 lasts somewhere between  
40 days and 40 nights, so by the time the heaven-  
machines switched from ersatzmoon to ersatz sun  
Ebullient's crystal tears had eroded the north face  
of the high tower and built a grand quartz  
stalacmite that rose all the way to where the  
window had formerly been, effectively replacing  
the northwall of the high tower and reinforcing  
Ebullient's captivity.

Groger had somehow managed to skip Ebullient  
on each and every turn of his "wife-rounds" for  
the past seven months. Of course this was a great

irritant for her but Groger hardly noticed, especially when Wife7 (Groger had stopped naming his lovers after number five) did that thing with her sabbath-tongue.

But that morning, placated by Buxom Gold's heartwarming message, Groger had noticed the new quartz shaft rising out of the ground in front of the high tower.

He yelled up it to Ebulient.

"Dear Ebulient, third of my ten bullion wives, third most lovely and third most skilled at Reverse Cowgirl, whath is the meaning of this crystalline cry-stone I see before your prison tower?"

Ebulient, exhilarated by Groger's notice (a deviation from her usually apathetic self) cried back to her lover's call

"Why most great Groger, conquerer of all unfathomable Snowball6! Who's knowledge of the War Arts and beauty are only matched by equal skill at Margaretball. This last Complexnight my tears yearned for a visit from you, but alas again I was jipped".

Moved by Ebulient's shrieks, Groger called back

"Ebulient, third bullion wife, and third most sucksessful at BJ's, when Complexnight falls again, and the heaven-machines switch from ersatzsun to ersatz moon, loose your lover's tears yet again so that I may fix them with my gaze into the the night sky as a constellation of radiant diamond stars. Therefore whenever I am lost at sea out on my Party Yacht or drugged and delirious on a psycotropic binge in the Eastern Wood, may I find my way back to your loving arms and safe bed".

Thus were spent the between four minutes and four seconds of Simpleday's irritatingly inconstant ersatzsun light hours. The heaven machines cycled into ersatzmoon lite (with only 70% ersatzcalories). Ebulient so elated by Groger's semi-intelligible drunken murmurings, erupted eight crystal tears that Groger gazed upon and fastend in the Complexnight's fiber of topcoat black shiny sky. He affixed to each one a sentiment of his love for Ebulient: Anal, BJ's,



Reverse Cowboy, Loyalty, Unprotected Loyalty,  
Party, Hearty, and last of all and most bright in  
the Complexnight sky, Blowjob again.

He then proceeded to climb those eight stars  
up to the high tower's peak where he showed up  
naked and adonic and spent all ten turns of the  
wife rounds with Ebulient in the third longest  
Complexnight Snowball6 had ever seen.